

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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No. 16.

To Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C.*

I.

A LITTLE stream that floweth to the sea,
Whose waters are kept clear by constant care,
A little orchard drinking sun and air,
Full of spring buds of promise soon to be;
And by its guardian kept most tenderly,
A flower-garden with some blossoms rare
Saved from the canker or the blights
that share
Sweet petals as their food, destroyingly:
We are the stream, the orchard and the flowers,
You are the guardian and the gardener true,
You keep our souls and hearts from worm and blight;
You teach us how to sanctify each hour,
And so our grateful hearts turn, loving you
Like flowers in the summer to the light.

II.

A little while, the stream may swell and grow,
Through muddy banks that line the great, wide world,
Into its depths rough rocks may oft be hurled,
That will choke up its clear and pleasant flow;
A little while and when the blossoms blow,
Their leaves may fall all withered and empearled
With biting frost, or from their stems be hurled
By winds, like evil giants, that no love know:
And yet by your example we shall wend
Our several ways; your love shall be our light,
Your hope, our hope, and all that you have taught
Shall help us to the gierdon at the end,
Shall help us to that end where God is Light
To which our grateful prayers for you ascend.

* Address from the students of St. Edward's Hall on the occasion of the celebration of the patronal feast of Rev. President Walsh, Saturday, Dec. 14.

Christmas Tales.



Introduction.

BY C. CAVANAGH, '91.



CHRISTMAS vacation had come; class cares and college duties had been laid aside and comfortably seated in a palace car on the L. S. & M. S. R.R., we were off for home. We revelled in all the joy and exultation common to such events; every turn of the wheels brought us nearer to the realization of the hopes and expectations of the past four months, and with such a prospect it was impossible to be serious. Wit and humor flowed on all sides; and as a special treat the "local" man favored us with a few of his richest and most venerable puns. We had the car to ourselves, and the mirth was freer and the laughter louder on that account. Pleasant badinage was freely exchanged; and the dignified manager of the exchange department distributed his sarcasm liberally and impartially. The "Editorial Three" sat communing with their better natures: the gentleman from Illinois fondling his precious moustache, and smiling as he thought of the clothes he sacrificed to learn "Rugby" and play in the rush-line; his colleague from Iowa drowsily looking at the deep snow piled up along the track, and "J. B." chuckling as he concocted some fiendish joke to perpetrate upon his guileless companions. The "poet" had thrown off

IMMORTALITY is the last expression of science and of life. It affects all that is within us and our relations with things external to ourselves. With regard to ourselves, it makes all sacrifice easy, since the thought of it fills our soul with the bright hopes of which it is the source.

his sombre air, and, twirling a cigarette in his fingers, sang the popular ditty "Down Went McGinty," in the chorus of which he was enthusiastically aided by the "Personal man." "Science" was entertaining the company with the description of a place he called Denver, and "Rolly" was engaged in the pleasant diversion of counting the telegraph poles as they sped by.

This was the state of affairs as the train dashed along through the gathering darkness. The snow was falling heavily, and the bleakness and gloom of the surrounding country contrasted greatly with the light and jollity within the car. The august body composing the SCHOLASTIC STAFF now appeared as light-hearted and careless as the most frivolous denizens of the study-hall. Jokes preserved for years in their teeming brains were hurled forth with reckless prodigality. Stereotyped expressions, which have appeared in "locals" for years and have driven many a luckless subscriber wild, were resurrected without any respect for their age. The obscure wit of the Iowa editor was eclipsed by the maddening humor of the "exchange" chieftain, which, in turn, became insignificant when his assistant gave full rein to his powers of prevarication.

The conviviality was at its height when the train came to a sudden stop about ten miles east of Laporte. The effect was startling. The "poet" suddenly expressed his overwhelming affection for the Iowa editor opposite him by flying into his arms with a force that was certainly surprising. The Illinois editor was about to clinch a wonderful argument by bringing his clenched fist down on his knee, but the sudden stop interfered with his intentions, and the heavy hand landed with great emphasis on the bridge of "Rolly's" nose, to that gentleman's evident annoyance. The "Local," "Personal" and "Science" authorities were vigorously discussing the World's Fair question; but at this moment, as if by common consent, they dropped to the floor and were surprised to find that that portion of the car was by no means a bed of roses. "J. B." surprised the writer by his ability in accomplishing the athletic feat of standing on his hands, and frantic yells from the further end of the car drew attention to a pair of boots wildly gesticulating from the coal-box from which "exchange" presently emerged covered with dust, and indignantly asked: "Who did it?" The absurdity of the situation impressed the others; and after calming the unfortunate editor, the havanas were relighted and conversation resumed.

No attention was paid to the delay till some

time had passed, and then "Local" timidly inquired: "What is the matter with the engine?" No satisfactory answer could be returned, save the theory that we had collided with one of the "Poet's" rondeaus. Speculation was indulged in by all, but doubt was dispelled by the appearance of the colored porter who announced:

"We was snowed in, an' de brakemen hab gone to Laporte to telegraph fur anoder engine."

"How long will it take to get one?" anxiously asked "local."

"Dunno," replied he of the dusky visage, "maybe an hour, maybe tree or four. Queer, too, as I disremember anything ob de kind befoah," and he withdrew from the car.

Here was a pleasant prospect. Snow-bound on an Indiana prairie with no hope of assistance for some time. The Illinois editor gave vent to his feelings in choice expressions not to be found in the best writers; "J. B." gently murmured that "he would fight it out on this line if it took all winter"; "Personal" and "Local" proceeded to pool their issues and kick themselves for not taking the preceding train as they had intended. "Science" proposed that we walk to Laporte and see the town while waiting for the train, but he acknowledged that if the steam-horse was prevented from travelling we might encounter a few difficulties in attempting to do so. Other plans, equally sensible, were proposed and condemned and we were settling down to a long dreary wait, when the "poet" announced that he had an idea.

"Does it hurt much?" sarcastically inquired "J. B." as he withdrew to the end of the car and took a drink of water.

"No fooling now, boys," replied the poetical gentleman. "What do you think of resorting to the old pastime of each relating a short story?"

"That's what," laconically said the Iowa editor, the others also expressed their approbation, and the poet began.

My Christmas Eve.

BY J. E. BERRY, '91.



IS CHRISTMAS EVE; but why
should now

My saddened thoughts go stray,
To when my babe, my love, was lost
Just seven years to-day?

For seven years I've sought in vain
(Pity sad hearts that grieve!)
But now the wound still bleeds the
same

On this bright Christmas eve!

And thus I thought, as trudging on
I hurried down the street;
The wind was howling wild and fierce
And ladened with the sleet.

The flakes of snow, like diamond-rain,
Through lamplight, thick and fast,
Were dancing in a sparkling whirl
To the music of the blast.

And now and then through howl and moan,
The happy Christmas chime
Into my heart as music came,
With tones of love sublime.

And flashing through the snowy shower,
From mansions lighted bright,
The shafted glow of warmth and wealth
That pierced the stormy night.

Through snow and wind and cutting sleet
I sought my homeward way,
Till wakened by the whisper low—
“Oh! what will papa say?”

I raised my head, I was at home;
The lamplight floated o'er
The frosty forest on the pane,
And flickered through the door.

I looked around with searching glance
To see from where it came,
The little voice that sweetly spoke
Its parent's loving name.

Upon my step a snowy heap
Lay shivering in the cold,
It was a little soft-haired child
Not more than eight years old.

I gently raised her in my arms,
And nestling there she lay,
And softly whispered in her sleep,
“Oh, what will papa say?”

I bent and kissed her on the cheek,
And smoothed her silken hair,
It was too dark for me to see
The face I carried there.

I quickly stepped within the hall—
“Oh! papa, what is that?”
And Buella caught me by the coat
And Inez took my hat.

Their thirty playmates round me climbed,
With mother at their head,
To whom I gave my Christmas Gift
To take her up to bed.

Then off they ran with joyous shout,
And so I went up stairs
To strive to overcome once more
The saddest of my cares.

At last into my soul there came
A sweet and soothing voice,
That told me of my two fair jewels
And bade me to rejoice.

So down I went with lightened heart
To see their childish glee,
And listen to their carols sweet
Around the Christmas tree.

I stood within the parlor door,
And watched the merry group
Go march and marching round the tree,
A fair and happy troop.

And standing there with open lips,
With eyes of brightest blue,
And half her angel face enclosed
In hair of golden hue,

I saw the sweet and pretty child,
I found before my door,
In wonder gazing at the sight
She never saw before.

I looked again—whose face is that?
I made one forward dart,
And caught that little angel child
And pressed her to my heart.

My God! 'tis she, my stolen babe,
(Joy! joy for hearts that grieve!)
I thank Thee, Infant God, above,
For this my Christmas eve!

The Martyr.



T is a gala day at Rome. All through the short, bright hours of that glorious summer morning a countless host, an endless stream of humanity, has been flowing into the grand amphitheatre. And now within that stupendous pile myriads of human faces rise one above another. Here are rose-crowned, snowy-garbed, golden-cinctured Vestals from the temple near; here are priests of Jupiter, Mars and the lesser deities. Here are the proud patrician and his haughty consort, the Roman soldier in his shining helmet and glistening armor, artisans and shop-keepers, old and young; men and women of every age, race and condition make up this mighty throng.

Under a canopy of costly velvet, made lustrous by thousands of Indian pearls, a diadem of priceless gems upon his brow, a sceptre of gold gleaming in his hand, sits the Emperor Trajan. Every eye is bent upon the majesty of Rome, every ear is strained to hear the word of command:

“Bring hither the prisoner!”

One hundred thousand eyes turn toward the entrance. Curiosity, hope and fear mingle on each eager, expectant face. Presently there is led in an old man. His hair and beard are white as the drifted snow; his face is fair and fresh as a child's; his *physique* is magnificent—a very Hercules, he towers above his companions.

"Bring forth the altar of Jupiter!" was the next command. Then to the prisoner: "Sacrifice or die!"

For the first time the eyes of the aged Christian meet those of the emperor. Slowly and distinctly the old man answers: "To God only will I offer sacrifice. Death I fear not, for death will give me life!"

"Man!" cries the emperor, "know you not that I alone have power over life and death?"

"Do as you will with my body; no one but God has power over my soul!"

The face of the monarch grew livid with rage. His eyes glowed; his great form shook with anger, and in a voice that sounded like the roar of a mighty tempest, he thundered forth: "Enough! Sacrifice—honors and wealth await you!" He paused to note the effect of his words; then marking the determined look which settled on the face of the Christian, he shrieked forth: "Refuse—you die!"

Breathless silence ensued. Then the reply: "I refuse to sacrifice to devils!"

That same awful silence. Then—"Go! go loose that savage brute!"

A murmur of horrorn like lightning through that vast assembly; the bars of a strong steel cage shot back, while with eyes like balls of fire and mouth streaming with blood, out sprang a gaunt, a famished tiger.

Slowly but surely the beautiful demon crawls toward his victim. How death-like is the silence! Now the old man kneels upon the sands. Hark! he prays: "Oh, merciful God, my sins forgive, my soul receive!" A spring, a struggle, then the yellow sands grow red with martyred blood. But of all that vast assembly, not one knew the glory into which that pure soul entered on that beautiful summer morning long, long ago!

H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

The Brighton Bank Robbery.

BY H. P. BRELSFORD, '90.



EARLY in the fall of 1879 the Brighton bank was robbed of \$7000. I mention this, not because the robbery was a matter of particular interest to anyone, save, perhaps, the timid depositors of the bank and the editor of the *Brighton Bulletin*, who devoted two columns in his paper to a highly colored account of the affair, but solely for the reason that the robbery formed an im-

portant link in the story I am going to relate.

On the same night that the bank was robbed Jack Hamilton mysteriously disappeared from Brighton, and of course that coincidence proved beyond question that he was guilty of the crime, as the *Bulletin* sagely remarked in its comment on the circumstance.

Who was Jack Hamilton? Well, just who he was and where he came from no one in Brighton was quite sure. Perhaps black-eyed Dollie Vane knew more about it than anyone else in Brighton, and all the knowledge of Jack's antecedents she had locked up in her little heart was not much.

Jack Hamilton had come to Brighton, a northern Illinois town, from somewhere in Ohio about two years before, and he had soon been engaged as a sort of farm foreman by farmer Vane. He was an orphan, a stalwart, handsome young fellow, with earnest, gray eyes and a determined mouth, and that was about all the neighboring gossips could find out about him, for he was of a retiring disposition and had few intimates. Anyway Jack Hamilton was missing and so was \$7000 of the bank's funds. The robbery was not a sensational one; it was not the work of skilled cracksmen who delight to penetrate the mysteries of "burglar proof" safes; but it all came out in this wise.

Mr. Tolman, the bank's cashier had grown old and useless in its service, and retained his position more because he was a large stockholder in the concern than because he was especially fit for the office. At all events, the cashier was not the precise and careful man of business that he was in his younger days, or he never would have left \$7000 in the drawer of his office desk instead of locking it up in the safe. That is what he did, however, and the clerks the next morning found that a sash of one of the rear windows had been forced open; and later Mr. Tolman himself discovered that the money was missing from his desk. Perhaps no one would have thought of connecting Jack Hamilton with the robbery had it not been for his sudden disappearance.

Coupled with that fact the cashier remembered to have done some business with Jack in the interest of the latter's employer upon the afternoon preceding the robbery; and after that it was not difficult for him to recollect that he had noticed Jack Hamilton on that occasion to have been suspiciously interested in the interior arrangements of the bank.

Then Harry Brewer, son of the president of the bank, came forward to declare his belief in Jack's guilt, and to intimate with a knowing

look that he had heard from several sources that Hamilton's private character would not bear looking into; but then, as everyone knew that he had unsuccessfully aspired to the hand of Dollie Vane, and had been refused, because of her declared preference for Jack Hamilton, no one was inclined to give particular credence to his inuendoes.

Farmer Vane was rather glad that his quondam foreman had disappeared; for, to tell the truth, the farmer now suspected what every one in Brighton already knew, and that was that his wilful little daughter and handsome employe were in love with each other. And as the farmer was inclined to favor the advances of the banker's son, and moreover as he stood rather in awe of imperious little Dollie, he was by no means sorry to learn of Jack Hamilton's sudden departure.

Of course, detectives were put on the case, and after searchingly interrogating all the bank employes, they seemingly disappeared from Brighton, and it was the generally accepted belief that they were convinced of Hamilton's guilt, and that they were then engaged in looking for that interesting man.

Some one had told the detectives that Dollie Vane could tell a good deal about Jack Hamilton if she only would, and, of course, the minions of the law lost no time in calling on her.

But Dollie had not much to tell. All she could say was that on the night of Jack's disappearance he had sought her out to bid her good bye, and had told her that he had suddenly determined to go away to college in order to satisfy his often expressed ambition, and to complete his somewhat imperfect education.

Why he had resolved to go so suddenly and, as it afterward proved, so secretly, and how he had come into possession of sufficient means to defray the expenses of a college course, he had failed to say. Indeed he had not even told her where he was going, though it is doubtful if he himself then knew.

Dollie, however, did not tell the detectives all that was said at that interview; for why should she? She did not say that Jack had caught her hand in his and incoherently stammered something about her always trusting him, and that he would some day return to claim her when he felt more worthy of her....

Brighton having finally settled down to the belief that Jack Hamilton was guilty of the robbery, had in a few months forgotten nearly all about him or the crime of which he was accused. But if every one else in Brighton had only harsh thoughts for Jack when they thought

of him at all, there was a little maiden in the big white farm house by Brighton's slow moving river, who thought of him tenderly and many times a day. Why did he not write to tell her where he was and to explain away those dark suspicions? Could it possibly be that—but, no; she would not even think of such a thing as noble Jack Hamilton, with his high ideals, being a thief.

So affairs moved on in Brighton in that unbroken monotony that distinguishes life in a rural community. And with increasing regularity Harry Brewer's team of handsome bays were to be seen hitched before the Vane farm house. To be sure, Harry Brewer received little enough encouragement from Dollie; but then he was a persevering young man, and besides did not farmer Vane own half the land about Brighton?

If Dollie's ardent suitor failed to get much satisfaction from that perverse little lady, he had at least done the next best thing—he had enlisted the sympathy and support of Dollie's mother.

Mrs. Vane was of a nature entirely different from that of her phlegmatic and slow-going spouse, and it was no secret in Brighton that she ruled her easy-tempered husband as well as her household with a rod of iron. Indeed the good lady rather delighted to display her power when visitors furnished her with an appreciative audience.

"Winter's back was 'bout broke," as old Capt. Greene, Brighton's oldest inhabitant tersely expressed it; and here and there a bare spot in the roads revealed the black and delightful consistency of Illinois "mud."

Dollie stood one morning by a wide window in the big farm house kitchen gazing upon the gloomy landscape and thinking how well the dreariness of nature was suited to her mood.

The table had lately been spread for the farm-hands' early breakfast, and now the farmer and his wife were just partaking of their morning meal. Anyone looking at the usually serene countenance of Mr. Vane would have divined at once that there was something on his mind, for his face that morning wore a very perturbed expression.

Mrs. Vane had privately "coached" her husband the night before in regard to the firm stand he ought to take concerning Dollie's manifest shabby treatment of young Brewer. So the old farmer had determined, or rather his wife had determined for him, that that very morning the subject should be broached. Now, the truth of the matter was, as we have said, that Mr. Vane

was somewhat afraid of his high-spirited daughter, and besides he would rather have cut off his hand than say an unkind word to her. But Mrs. Vane had resolved to bring matters to a crisis, and she indulged in an animated pantomime behind Dollie's back, the purport of which the farmer could not mistake. The poor old man was between two fires. But after enduring as long as possible the battery of significant looks his better half turned upon him, he sweetened his coffee half-a-dozen times, to his good wife's evident amaze, emptied the contents of the cream-jug into his glass of water, and clearing his throat began:

"Dollie!"

"What, father?"

"That young Brewer has been coming here a good deal lately, hasn't he?"

"I am sure, I think he has, father; but don't think it is any of my doings. I am sure I would much rather he did not come at all; and if it had not been for mamma I would have told him so long ago."

"Houghty, toity! Now, daughter, I don't mean that I am not glad enough to see him come. He seems to me to be a right proper young man; and as for you, I should think you would like to have a young fellow that all the girls in town are after hanging around after you."

"There's Lawyer Robbin's girls who are just dying for your chance, Dollie," put in Mrs. Vane, "and everybody knows that Harry Brewer is the best catch in Brighton."

Seeing that the argument was going against her, Dollie had recourse to tears, that unfailing expedient of womankind, and then going up to the old man she nestled in his lap, and looking up at him with pathetic tenderness through her tears, she said: "And are you already so tired of your little daughter that you want to get rid of her as soon as the first bidder offers to take her? Oh, father! I don't want to leave you!"

"God knows, I hope you never will," said the old man, huskily; and Dollie knew that she had completely conquered her doting and tender-hearted old father.

But Mrs. Vane was not to be routed so easily, nor was her woman's instinct so readily deceived, and as she angrily swept out of the room she cried: "I just believe you still care for that low thief of a Jack Hamilton."

But the ice had been broken, and scenes like this were afterwards of frequent occurrence in the Vane household.

It is doubtful if the plan of Mrs. Vane, in which she was somewhat lukewarmly seconded by her husband, of marrying pretty Dollie to

the banker's son, would ever have succeeded had it not been that Dollie heard not a word from her absent lover. And so it is not to be wondered that her love for him began to wane; for, added to the entreaties of her friends that she forget Jack Hamilton, was a motive weighty with womankind, that of pique. At last Dollie succumbed to the seeming inevitable, and Harry Brewer and Mrs. Vane were triumphant.

To be sure, Dollie was rather a cold and impassive *fiancée*, but then Harry Brewer did not mind that. And so the wedding day was set, and all the arrangements for the ceremony were hastening toward completion. But that wedding was destined never to be.

One afternoon, a few days before the time appointed for the wedding, Dollie's young brother, Ned Vane, came hurrying back from Brighton, and he burst into the room where Dollie and her mother sat sewing, with a pale and agitated face.

"Why, Ned! What's the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Vane.

"Oh, it's awful! and, Dollie, I'm so sorry for you!" cried the boy.

"Oh, Ned! do tell what is the matter," ejaculated the boy's mother, springing up from her chair in her excitement, "has anything happened to Harry Brewer?"

"Yes, mother, that's just it; he was arrested for stealing that money from the bank. And oh! Dollie, I'm so sorry for you," repeated the tender-hearted lad; for about the only one in the circle of his home that happy-go-lucky Ned Vane really cared for was his pretty sister Dollie.

And what about Dollie? Well, I suppose she ought to have swooned, but she did not. She listened to her brother's startling recital without a word, and then bursting into tears, she turned to her mother and sobbed: "Oh! I knew Jack was innocent all the time."

Whether her tears were for her promised husband's misfortune, or for Jack Hamilton so far away, who shall say?

By degrees Mrs. Vane succeeded in drawing the whole story from her son.

It seems that while the detectives were supposed to have left Brighton, yet one had been there all the time, and had at last succeeded in fastening the crime of which Jack Hamilton was accused upon Harry Brewer. Harry Brewer was not made of very stern stuff, and he soon broke down and acknowledged his guilt. It was proven that he had lost heavily at cards, and it was to pay his pressing gambling debts that he appropriated the money he had noticed in the cashier's desk. However the matter was

soon hushed up through the influence of the young man's father; and Harry Brewer lost no time in shaking the dust of Brighton from his feet.

But where was Jack Hamilton all this time? That was a question often on the lips not only on the inmates of the Vane farm-house, but of many of the townspeople as well. For with that sudden revulsion of feeling that such occasions often produce, the people of Brighton now deeply regretted their unjust suspicions of the absent man.

Yes, where was Jack Hamilton? This question was unexpectedly answered not long after, when the afternoon express from Chicago rolled into Brighton; for among the first of the passengers to leap upon the station platform was—the missing Jack Hamilton. Not Jack Hamilton the farm foreman, however, but a neatly dressed young man, with that indescribable something about him that speaks of city culture. To the group of former friends and acquaintances who immediately surrounded him he explained, that he had accidentally learned through a newspaper of the crime of which he was accused, and had immediately hastened from the eastern city where he was attending college, in order to establish his innocence. As fate had ordained, however, his innocence was already proved beyond question.

Among those who pressed forward to grasp the hand of Jack, was farmer Vane; and the old man whose feelings toward his late foreman had been completely changed by late events, insisted upon Jack returning home with him, telling the young man significantly that his old friends at the farm would be glad to see him.

As the farmer's old gray mare leisurely picked her way along the flat country road, Jack told his former employer the whole story concerning the cause of his mysterious departure, and the place of his sojourn during the year he had been absent. It appeared that upon the day preceding that upon which Jack had disappeared, he had been engaged in the prosaic task of digging post-holes on the Vane farm, when to his surprise he had unearthed a small tin box enclosing a smaller case of wood. Hastily forcing open the latter he found nearly \$3000 in gold coin. The money had evidently been buried there many years, as all the coins bore a mint stamp antedating the year 1845.

Jack's delight was unbounded. Here suddenly within his grasp was the means of acquiring the education he so much desired. He sat there gloating over his find, when suddenly the thought came to him that, perhaps after all, he

could not keep the money; and in his ignorance of the law the haunting fear took possession of him that, perhaps, farmer Vane would have the legal right to claim the treasure found upon his property. For a long time the young man debated with his conscience, and he finally succeeded in convincing himself that he had at least a moral right to the money, though, perhaps, the law would sustain the possible claim of farmer Vane. His plans were quickly formed. He would leave Brighton as quickly and as secretly as possible with his new-found wealth. He gave not a thought to the suspicions his sudden disappearance would arouse, but in pursuance of his plan and with no other thought he hastened to an eastern college, as we have said. But he found no happiness in the realization of his hopes. While education broadened his mind it also developed his moral instincts to such a degree, that he finally became convinced that he would rather remain in ignorance than acquire an education with money upon which there was a taint. So he determined to seek a lawyer and if the latter advised him that the money was legally Mr. Vane's, he would at once return it to its rightful owner.

However, his joy may be imagined when the man of law told him that, legally as well as morally, the money was his by right of discovery, subject to the claim of the original owner, if ever discovered.

It was about this time that a floating paragraph caught his eye, and he was startled to learn that he was suspected of robbing the Brighton bank. Hence his unexpected return to Brighton.

"But," said the farmer, "there is one thing I do not understand and that is why, after you found the money was rightfully yours, you did not write to some of your friends in Brighton to tell them of your whereabouts."

The young man flushed. "I did write," he said. "I wrote to Dollie several months ago but received no answer."

"I am sure she never got your letter," said Mr. Vane positively.

"I believe now that my letter was miscarried," said Jack; "but when I received no reply from her, I thought she had forgotten all about me, or wanted to; and believing that I had no longer a desire to hear from anyone in Brighton, indeed I wanted to forget the place altogether."

"I guess when you see Dollie you will feel pretty sure she has not forgotten you," said the old man with a smile, as he pulled up the old mare before the big farm-house.

Jack leaped from the buggy, and hurrying

along the gravel walk, he rang the bell a little nervously, it must be owned. Jack thought the door would never open, but at last it did to disclose the beaming features of Eliza Jane the maid of all work. She started back in surprise as her eyes traced the well-remembered features of Jack Hamilton. Just then Dollie chanced to cross the hall, and there she stood pale and trembling, and looking so pitiable and loveable withal that Jack lost his head completely.

"Dollie!" appealingly.

"Jack!" pathetically.

And here with rare discretion Jane withdrew, an example, gentle reader, that perhaps we would do well to imitate.

A Pair of Boots.



UGENE CASSEIN, one of the many bachelors of Chicago, though not yet passed the age when men are accustomed to look for a partner in life—was no longer young. In the wrinkles upon his face could be seen the impress of Time, whilst patches of silver in his once jet black hair indicated the approach of old age. His walk was slow and not without grace; his well-cared for person and waxed moustache marked the votary of fashion. His dress was remarkable for one thing only: he wore boots of great width and clumsiness. Though sane in all else, he was eccentric to a degree in this respect; and this eccentricity was as sudden as it was unaccountable.

In the year 1868, with a number of friends, Cassein had gone to Paris to visit the Exposition. Whilst his friends spent their money freely in buying curiosities and knick-knacks as *souvenirs* of their Parisian trip, Cassein, who was a practical man, looking to use as well as to beauty, invested in a pair of varnished boots wherein he thought to shine in Chicago's society. Having sufficiently admired the wonders of the Exposition, he and his companions returned to America.

Although sole heir to his uncle's wealth, and so regarded as one of fortune's favorites, he had never been lavish in the expenditure of money. From his early youth he had been steady and respectable, always avoiding those scrapes into which his companions were continually falling. He was one of those men to whom mammas are only too willing to trust their

daughters. But until recently he had never been wounded by the god of love.

Behold him even now on the way to the home of his enchantress who, he vainly fancies, will yield to the combined charm of his varnished boots and his uncle's money. The house before which he stops presents a scene of gaiety. Within is heard the sound of music. He starts to enter, but at the threshold his feet fail him, and he almost falls. "Is the man drunk?" are the words that reach his ears as he goes into the room. What feelings of mingled shame and anger rise in his breast as he meditates on these words! What! Can anyone imagine that he, Eugene Cassein, who never from his babyhood committed an unseemly action, is drunk? But these thoughts are dissipated by the first words of greeting from his charming hostess, and he forgets all else when, seated by the side of his fair inamorata, he listens to the music of the dance. With little difficulty he obtains from his fair companion the promise of a Lanciers, and glides into the figures. A shriek from his lovely partner brings him down to earth again. His varnished boots had become entangled in the folds of his companion's dress, making a long, unseemly rent. This mishap had attracted the attention of the lookers-on, and his confusion was by no means lessened by the uncomplimentary remarks heard on every side. "I am afraid Mr. Cassein must be drunk," said the mother of one of his charming acquaintances. Overcome with anger and embarrassment, he leaves the room and hastens into the open air.

On the portico, scarce knowing what he is about, he frantically pulls off his boots—to which he lays the cause of his troubles—and hurls them into the neighboring yard. At this moment a man in the house next door, attracted by his extraordinary actions, appears at the window. To his dismay Cassein recognizes his aged relative. Until this moment he had forgotten that the yard into which he had thrown his boots belonged to his uncle. He has not the courage to await the *dénouement* of the affair; but without bidding good night to his hostess, hurries to his home.

Next day he receives a letter from his uncle in which, with feelings that can be imagined better than described, he learns that he is disinherited. The letter closes with "I cannot leave my wealth to a hypocrite and common drunkard to be expended in debauchery and carousals."

This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Farewell, all hopes of love and happiness! Henceforth he must live a life of single

blessedness. Never afterwards could Cassein look at a pair of varnished boots without a manifest shudder.

W. LARKIN, '90.

On Finding a Dandelion in December.



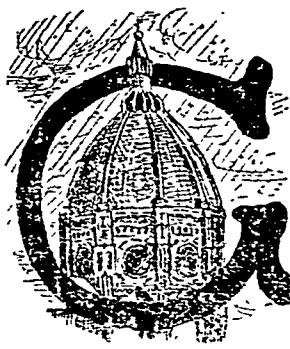
RIGHT little flower, holding tight
The dank mold, like a star
Hard struggling on a storming night
To cheer the downcast tar;

Or like a hope in adverse things,
When friends no more are true—
A happy hope that sings and sings,
And cheers the heart anew.

R. ADELSPERGER, '90.

A Christmas Idyl.

BY JOHN W. CAVANAUGH, '90.



JOVANNI Tubero was one of the foremost men in Florence. He was always found in attendance upon Duke Lorenzo, and held a place of honor upon every state occasion. His life had been a strange mixture of adversity and triumphs. His

father was a herdsman, and when the lad was only a few years old, he learned to wind the shepherd's horn, to angle in the sparkling waters of the Arno and to sail his little boat among the shoals.

When he became old enough, young Tubero was placed under the direction of a famous rhetorician, and in a short time he outstripped all his companions and was pointed out by his bearded instructors as their ablest pupil. But in proportion as he grew in learning his aversion for the Christian religion became strong and bitter. He read and admired the great pagan classics, was passionately enamoured of all that was artistic, and held the "music of the spheres" to be the highest ideal of life. He saw with passionate disgust the inroads that Christianity was making into the poetry of paganism; he felt that all the sensuous beauty of life was fading away before the rigid morality of the Christians; that the wood-nymphs had fled the forest, and the sea-gods dwelt no more among the streams. The old legends that had clustered round the reedy marsh, and the old superstition that had vivified inanimate matter, no longer formed part of the nation's

life. It was intolerable, he thought, that the vestal virgins should pine away in penitential works upon the mountains, and that the priests of Apollo should leave their golden gods to pray before a wooden altar. He felt in a word like Julian the Apostate.

Yet with all his hatred for the true Christian religion Giovanni's life was beautifully pure. He dwelt in a little cottage near Florence, and there embowered amid his roses, and surrounded by an atmosphere of gold dust and poetic glamour, he loved to forget the reality of life and to launch himself forward into an ideal existence. One clear, starlit night in midwinter, as he walked in his favorite grove, he heard a soft cry of complaint, and hastening towards the spot whence it came, he found a little infant lying amid a clump of olives. "The child of a slave, perhaps," he muttered. "Better that it die." And then from the dimly lighted cathedral beyond the river he heard the *Gloria* of the Midnight Mass. The rays of the golden candelabra glimmered fitfully upon the sluggish waters of the Arno, and the strains of the chant pealed louder and more joyous. "These Christians teach that little children are sacred," said Giovanni; "I will take this one to my home and warm it, and then, perchance, some Christian may adopt it." The old pagan stooped to lift the child, and bore it tenderly to his little cottage. He laid it upon his own soft couch and having wrapped it comfortably went forth to resume his walk. He soon entered the heart of the city and forgot the little child that he had left sleeping in his home.

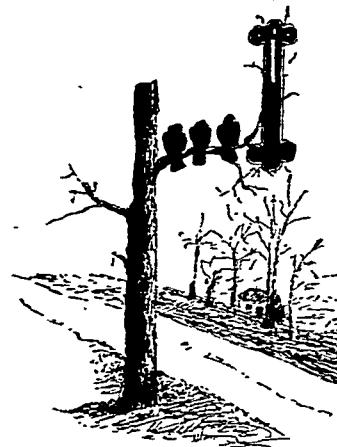
Meanwhile his enemies at the Duke's palace had taken advantage of Giovanni's absence to charge him with treason. "If Tubero be not a traitor," said they, "why doth he not profess himself a Christian?" Lorenzo for a long time withheld their entreaties; but yielding at length to the fear that filled his own soul, he proclaimed that "If Christ be not found in the house of Giovanni, he must die." His jealous rivals were exultant on hearing these words. Tubero, they well knew, could not be led to embrace Christianity.

Accordingly they lost no time in summoning the guards, and, intoxicated by the sudden turn affairs had taken, they tore furiously down the street and soon found themselves in the suburbs of the city. They were met on all sides by signs of the Christmas joy. The church bells from the turrets of the ivy-wrapped convent rang out their gladness upon the mellow air, and the blue welkin seemed all brightness above. But the sublime sentiments that made nature festive

found no echo in their callous hearts. One thought alone was tenant there—sweet revenge for years of treasured wrongs. "Wrongs were they?" and they doubted, for Giovanni never was unjust. But he was the favorite, and they lashed their steeds again. They had not far to go now before they reached the courtier's cottage, and, glancing down the narrow road, they saw Giovanni trudging wearily home after his long walk. He was very near the house when suddenly he stood as if transfixed. The guards, supposing that he was terrified and about to flee, rushed forward exultingly; but they soon hushed their riotous glee. From Giovanni's house came the sound of angel voices, and the minions of Lorenzo felt the sweetest music stealing over their senses. As if instinctively, they dismounted, and rushed up to where their old enemy, breathless and fearful, flung the door open. There, amid the Christmas dawn, lay the opened His soft hazel eyes, and said to Giovanni: "Thou wouldst not come to Me, but, lo! I have come to thee." The old man bent low in Infant Christ upon the old pagan's bed. He adoration, and when he raised his head again the vision had disappeared. But there was something in his breast that told him he must yet learn to love the little Babe; and his joy may be imagined when, after his baptism, he knew that he could be a Christian without being false to his poetic instinct; that the services of the Christian Church form of themselves a great, solemn epic, and that the change, as far as it affected his artistic nature, was the realization of a grand ideal.

How They Ate Crow.

BY J. B. SULLIVAN, '90.



Twas a chilly day in November's month, 1845, two horsemen wound their way through one of the most barren districts of the "Old Dominion." Hanover county at one time had been fertile and productive, but now it seemed as if a blight had fallen upon

its once fair soil. Chas. Gilmour and Thomas Stephens had held Federal appointments in the South under the Whig administration; but the year before our story opens James K. Polk had been elected President, after a bitter and vindictive campaign.

No such absurd notions as "civil service reform" ever bothered the statesmen of those times; so, upon the inauguration of a new president, the appointees of the late administration made preparations to sever their official relations with "Uncle Sam." This was done with a certain reluctance, 'tis true, but they were always buoyed up with the hope that perhaps the next four years might see the return of their party to power, and then they would get "another pull at the public crib." While Uncle Sam's late servants were riding along, brooding over the strange mutability of human affairs, it occurred to Gilmour that it might be well to look out for some place to get their dinner, as it was then long after midday, and they had not eaten anything since early morning.

"Well, I'm sure the prospect isn't very promising," broke in Tom Stephens. "There is not a habitation in sight."

"I confess it does look discouraging; even if there was a house near, I don't believe this soil would produce enough to furnish two men a substantial meal. And as for game, there hasn't been a thing in sight save that flock of crows which flew over to the southwest a few moments ago. If we can't do any better we will have to dine on 'old crow.'"

At this sally Stephens laughed heartily. "I think I should have to be pretty hungry before such game would be palatable to my capricious taste."

The conversation now flagged, and after riding on a mile or so, they espied an old house which, like the surrounding country, showed evidence of having seen better days. Spurring on their horses they approached the house, dismounted, rang the door bell and were admitted. After introducing themselves to the lord of the manor they made their wishes known.

Fairview had once been a grand old place; but was now in the last stages of decay. Thousands of slaves had once tilled its broad acres; but reverses had come to its owner, and now nought remained of those broad acres and thousands of slaves save a little patch of ground and an old negro servant who had been for years in his master's service. Once a happy family had been domiciled at Fairview, but now Col. Hutchison and old Virgil were its sole occupants.

The Colonel was a typical Virginian—proud, hospitable and chivalrous. He might not have anything to eat himself, but he thought it ill became Col. Hutchison to send a traveller from his door unfed. At this time, however, they were in particularly straitened circumstances. The

remnants of the last turkey had been consumed at the morning meal. In reply to the inquiries of the strangers the old Colonel said: "Time has dealt hardly with us; but if you will remain and put up with our simple hospitality, let me assure you that yours shall be a cordial welcome."

"We shall be pleased to remain with you; we cannot slight your honest Virginia hospitality," remarked Stephens, affected by the old man's evident feeling.

"Excuse me, gentlemen, while I announce your presence to Virgil, and we will trust to him to provide the dinner." With this Colonel Hutchison left the room. Going to the kitchen, he found Virgil and made known the strangers' wants.

"Massa thar aint a thing in de house ter eat; but don't you dun go and get 'scouraged, dis here chile is gwine ter 'range dem matters."

The Colonel wrung the old darky's hand, and dashing a tear from his eye, returned to the parlor. "Virgil declares that he will have dinner served in a little while."

While the old Colonel was entertaining his guests with an account of Fairview and its surroundings they were startled by the report of a gun in a little patch of timber some distance from the house. Nothing else interfered to disturb the company; and so pleasant was the conversation that an hour had almost passed before they were aware of it.

Just then Virgil announced dinner. And an excellent dinner it was. The old servant seemed to have secreted some little delicacies unknown to his master, which came in very handily upon such occasions. The game, whatever it might have been, was served in a delicious pot pie, and it is needless to say that the half-starved travellers did justice to it.

Dinner over, the strangers arose to depart. They bade Colonel Hutchison good bye, and passed out of the house. Just as they were mounting their horses, Gilmour noticed Virgil at work at the other side of the house. Calling the old darky over to them, Gilmour asked him what species of bird he had served for their dinner. "By all means tell us how you prepared it."

"Oh! now, massa, dis here darky ain't gwine ter give you no 'structions in the kelinary art for nuthen; that was a fine bird dis chile dun cooked; you orter be satisfied with dat."

"Certainly, Virgil, that was an excellent potpie, we were only disagreeing as to what it was. Stephens thinks it was a pheasant, but I can't agree with him. Come now, Virgil, tell us what

it was," he said, emphasising his request by tossing the old darky a silver coin.

Virgil's face brightened up at the sight of the silver, and indeed it proved an "open sesame" to his secret. If there is anything in the world that will make a darky communicative it is the sight of a little money.

"You won't say a word of dis to massa?" interrogated Virgil, cautiously.

"Not a word," signified both.

"Well, you see we had dun ate all de turkey for breftest, and there wasn't a feathered thing ter be hed, 'cept—'cept one of dem crows you dun seen on dat old locust tree thar, so I just tumbled one of 'em with the de ole kurnel's musket and den you dun know de rest."

After this explanation Virgil made his obeisance and withdrew.

"Well that's one on us," remarked Stephens.

"Yes, I guess so, for a year we have been subsisting upon this savory dish, and now when all things else fails we can, at least, eat crow."

John Templeton's Impulse.

BY D. BARRETT, '90.



T was Christmas eve. The last stroke of the city clock, the sound of which was still ringing through the cold, frosty air, had just announced the hour of ten as John Templeton, a Wall street broker, cast aside his pen and exclaimed: "What! ten o'clock already? I ought to be home." Arousing himself from the drowsiness which had come over him he prepared to take his departure. Having securely wrapped himself in a heavy overcoat he locked the door and started for his home, a quarter of a mile distant. He had proceeded but a short distance when he became aware of the fact that the night was unusually cold and the streets were almost deserted. Wishing to reach his home as soon as possible and to escape from the severe cold, he walked briskly along, hoping to meet with no delay. Providence, however, willed otherwise. When he had accomplished almost half his journey, and just as he was turning the last corner, a little news-boy, who had been standing in the shade of a lamp post, pressed forward, and shouted in a clear but half despairing tone: "Paper! Please, Mister." Having frequently heard the same request, John Templeton did

not even intend to notice the speaker; but for some reason or other his eyes were inadvertently turned towards the lad.

The eyes of Mr. Templeton were met by those of a scantily clothed boy of ten or eleven summers, with remarkably intelligent, handsome, clear cut features and bright, sparkling blue eyes. Though somewhat struck by the appearance of the boy he resolved not to be delayed. With a mere passing glance which implied a sort of rebuke for the interruption he passed on. The youth with a wistful look on his countenance turned sadly away, and again sought for shelter within a neighboring doorway.

As Mr. Templeton proceeded homewards something in the expression of the little news-boy's eyes accompanied him. Try as he would, he could not forget the pitiful look in those eyes. Strange it appears, perhaps, that such a slight incident should affect a cold, stern and seemingly unfeeling man like John Templeton. But still he was not the cold, austere man that he appeared. In his younger days a more generous-hearted or noble-minded man did not exist. Misfortune and family disappointments had changed his nature to a certain extent, but there still remained in his heart a spark of his nobler nature. This spark was now kindled into flame by a poor news-boy. The farther away he was getting the more was his attention drawn towards the youth. He slackened his pace, and fell into a deep contemplative mood. The joys and sorrows of his previous life appeared and disappeared in those few moments. The farther he advanced, the more vivid became the expression of those blue eyes. His conscience seemed to tell him he had been hard-hearted. Rather than endure its stinging rebuke, he resolved to turn back and atone for his thoughtlessness by making the boy a handsome gift. Cold as it was he retraced his steps, hoping to find the boy where he had first met him; nor was he disappointed. As he neared the place he saw, gliding out from the shelter of a building, the same ragged youth holding in his naked, outstretched hand a paper.

Addressing Mr. Templeton in the same half-confident tone as before, he awaited an answer. Without removing his eyes from the boy, Mr. Templeton said: "I do not care for a paper tonight." The hopeful look on that boy's countenance vanished, and he drew back his hand. Mr. Templeton being more impressed now than ever, ventured to say:

"Why are you out so late on such a cold night? Do you not know this is Christmaseve?"

"Yes," said the youth, "I know it is Christmas

eve; but I have had such poor luck to-day that I am compelled to work late."

Pleased by the manly spirit in which the boy spoke, Mr. Templeton continued: "What does your father do? Is he alive?"

"No, sir," said the youth sadly.

"Is your mother alive?" said Mr. Templeton.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "but she is sick now."

"A sad lot it is," said Mr. Templeton, and his best feelings being fully aroused, he put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a small roll of bills and gave them to the boy, saying: "Take this for your papers and go home to your mother."

Without another word he turned and went to his home. Strange it appeared to him that he should be so affected by this youth. He had often met news-boys before, but never thought of them afterwards. After he had reached his home his thoughts wandered back to the little incident that had so affected him. Account for it he could not, but he felt that he had done right in going back. The story of his encounter with the news-boy he related to his wife, hoping perhaps she might explain for the strange impression made on him. Mrs. Templeton could not explain the mystery, but agreed with her husband that it was a queer incident.

The little news-boy, dazed and delighted by the generosity of Mr. Templeton, stood for a moment as though paralyzed and unable to move from the spot. Recovering himself, he hastened to impart the good news to his mother. The poor mother, anxious lest something had happened to her son, eagerly awaited his return. At the sound of his footsteps she opened the door expecting to find him almost frozen by the cold. Contrary to her expectations, however, he entered, his countenance overflowing with joy and his bright eyes sparkling with delight. Rushing to his mother he thrust into her hands the roll of bills, and told her of the kindness of the good stranger. Overcome with joy, Mrs. Evans stood motionless not knowing what to say. Not understanding the circumstances she asked for an explanation. The story of the boy's good fortune was soon told, and from the heart of Mrs. Evans went forth an earnest prayer asking God's blessing for their kind benefactor.

Needless it is to say that Johnnie Evans, the little news-boy, spent a happy Christmas. As for Mrs. Evans, hers was not the happiest, for she had seen better days. She remembered her once bright home and this together with the many misfortunes that had befallen her since, made her sad. When but a girl of seventeen

she became infatuated with Walter Evans, her father's clerk, but their union was protested against by her parents. Not to be baffled in her love, she eloped with Walter Evans, and since then she had not heard from her parents. After seven years of happiness her husband fell a victim to typhoid fever and then her lot became a hard one. Not daring to hope for reconciliation with her parents she supported herself and son. After that eventful Christmas eve the broker and news-boy met each other frequently, and their friendship increased as the days rolled on. Mr. Templeton was the boy's best customer.

Another year rolled by. John Templeton's interest in the little news-boy deepened, and he resolved to take him from his occupation and give him a position in his office.

On his way home on Christmas eve he informed Johnnie Evans of his intentions, and the boy asked him to consult his mother. Mr. Templeton approved of this and accompanied the boy to his home. Leaving Mr. Templeton at the door, the lad proceeded to inform his mother of the kind stranger's visit. Mrs. Evans, happy to meet the one who had been so generous to her son, came forward with outstretched hand; but as she came into full view of the man she suddenly drew back. Another glance and she exclaimed: "Father!" and she fell back unconscious. "My God," exclaimed Mr. Templeton, "can this be possible! Am I in a dream?" A moment's reflection and he knew it all. The sound of Mrs. Evans' voice he recognized as that of his own daughter. The mystery contained in the expression of those bright blue eyes of the news-boy was explained. The boy was John Templeton's own grandson.

Mrs. Evans soon recovered her senses, was forgiven and a happy reconciliation took place. At the Christmas dinner of John Templeton and his wife, their daughter and grandson were welcome guests.

The Contented Man.

His life o'erflowed with music that did wake
In him true peace amid whatever storm,
As, with calm face, doth sleep cliff-shadowed lake,
While lightnings wreath the black-browed mountain's form.

J. G. LA MOILLE.



—Mescu's statue of Lafayette, which is to be erected in Washington, is completed.

—Verdi is spending the winter in a hotel at Milan, engaged in composing the music for a new opera.

—It is said that a large picture of the Adoration of the Magi by Rubens has been discovered at Chiddock Manor, the home of Sir Frederick Weld, an English baronet.

—Edmund Gosse declares in the *Forum* that Herbert Spenser's books do not cover the cost of their publication, to say nothing of leaving a profit for the philosopher himself. Neither Mr. Swinburne, nor Leslie Stephen, derives any considerable profit from his writings.

—The venerable Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth on the 17th inst. He received loving tokens from all parts of the United States, among them being a basket of eighty-two roses from the school children of Hannibal, Mississippi.

—An autograph lately sold in London was a note from Tennyson, reading thus: "I have many thousands of these applications, and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend behold an autograph."

—The Rev. Father Johann Martin Schleyer, the inventor of Volapük, can write and speak twenty-three languages, including Chinese and three African languages. It is estimated that during the last few years more than 10,000 persons have learned and used Volapük; about 400 have received diplomas as adepts. Many books in Volapük have appeared, and there are half a dozen periodicals published in the language.

—One of the few really original mechanical novelties, shown at the Paris Exposition, was undoubtedly the sliding railway operated there. The idea was first advanced by M. Girard who died a victim of the war of 1871. He worked upon it quite extensively, and had almost perfected it when he died. He had in view the direct application of water to traction upon railways. The idea had almost fallen into oblivion when Mr. Barre, who after a few modifications in the original, constructed the experimental railway shown at the Exposition.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

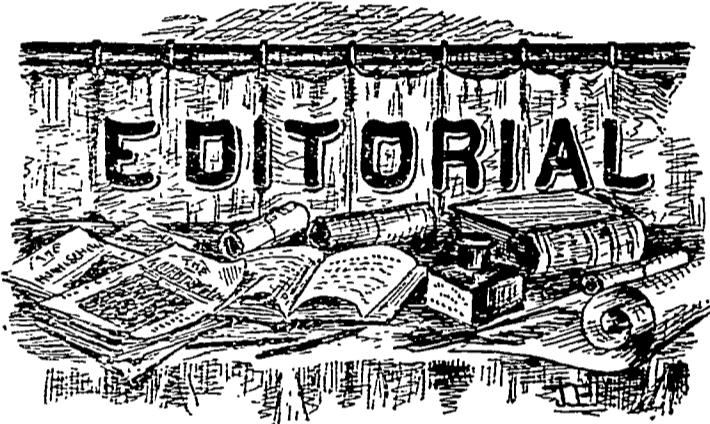
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Notre Dame, December 21, 1889

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JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.	D. BARRETT, '90,
R. ADELSPERGER, '90.	



—We wish all our readers
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin and Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., left Notre Dame last Wednesday evening for Europe. They were accompanied as far as New York by the Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C. Father General makes this journey in the discharge of his duty as Superior-General and in the interests of the Community at Paris and Luxemburg. It will be his forty-eighth trip across the Atlantic, and we all here sincerely trust and pray that its issue will be as happy as the venerable Father Founder may desire, and that he will be enabled soon to return safe and sound to enliven by his presence, this home of religion and science, the central point of the devotedness and activity of his grand and noble life.

Father Granger goes to his native land in accordance with the advice of his physician. For a number of months his health has been failing to such an extent as to excite the concern of all around him. But it is hoped that the sea voyage will materially aid a naturally robust constitution, which has been spent in long years of self-sacrifice in the interests of

religion and devotion to the spiritual good of others. That this blessed result may be attained—that he may be speedily restored to the full enjoyment of health—will be the object of many a fervent prayer, not only on the part of his spiritual children at Notre Dame, but from hosts of students, past and present, whose guide he has so often been, and who may now learn of his departure to the Old World. *Bon voyage* and a safe and speedy return to our venerable Father Founder and our devoted Prefect of Religion!

The St. Cecilians.

The St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, devoted to literature, music and the drama, is the foremost association in the Junior department of the University. It has now entered upon its 39th year, and its motto, like that of Notre Dame, is ever "forward." The work done by this society in the past is told us by the impress left upon College spirit and traditions, as well as by the records, which will never fade, of the attainments of "old boys;" but far from being surpassed by their predecessors, the present members of the association seems to do better work now than ever before.

Saturday evening, Dec. 14, their annual play was given in honor of the feast-day of the Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., the esteemed President of the University. The play presented on the occasion was "The Hidden Gem"—that admirable production of the gifted Cardinal Wiseman. It has been several times played upon our stage; but we doubt if ever before it was better rendered, or before a more appreciative audience. The programme will be found printed entire in our local columns.

The exercises were opened by an overture from the University Orchestra. Then Homer P. Brelsford, on behalf of the Seniors, read a well-written and affectionate address, congratulating the Rev. President on the return of his festival day. The Juniors were represented by J. Wright who expressed the pleasure with which all greeted the festal day of their honored President and their appreciation of his efforts for their improvement. The address of Master J. O'Neill of the Minims was a beautiful poetic tribute and read with faultless elocutionary delivery which was received with enthusiastic applause. It appears entire on the first page of this issue.

"The Hidden Gem" is a beautiful play, representing life among the Romans in the time of

the early Christians. The hero, "Alexius," was personated by L. Monarch who must be congratulated on the admirable manner in which he rendered a very difficult part. S. Hummer, in the character of a Roman partisan, the father of Alexius, displayed great dramatic ability.

The play begins with the return of "Alexius" to the home of his father, after five years wandering as a beggar. His mother has died of grief in his absence. His sole surviving parent, after years spent in his search, has given up all hope of again seeing him alive. So much is he changed that when he appears at his home his father does not recognize him; nevertheless, he is strongly drawn towards the poor beggar, and orders him to have the best his house can afford. They live together for five years, during all this time the son is unknown to his father. The day approaches when the old man is to adopt his nephew as his heir. On the preceding night an attempt is made to rob the house of its gold plate, but is frustrated by Alexius, who is unhappily charged with the crime, and broken-hearted dies.

The last scene is very dramatic. But nothing could excel the manner in which the characters were personated by the players. Messrs. Hummer, Monarch, Weitzel, Wile and Du Brul deserve special praise for the admirable manner in which they acquitted themselves. Du Brul especially carried off the honors of the day in his character of the Italian beggar.

The exercises over, Father Walsh made a few remarks thanking the society for the honor done him, and congratulating them on the successful play they had given.

Christmas in Rome.

"Christmas comes but once a year
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

 O goes the old proverb, and in olden times Christmas was indeed, a merry festival throughout the Christian world.

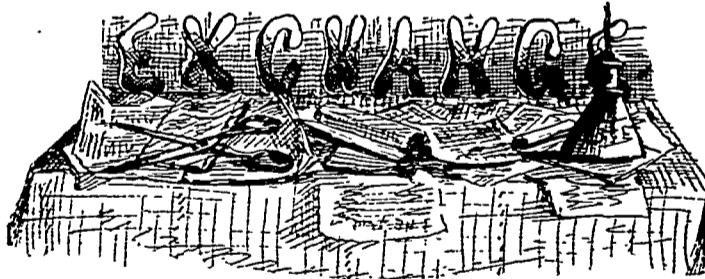
In Rome, the centre of Christianity, it once was a joyous time. Now, since the invasion by the Italians in 1870, it has lost most of its ancient grandeur, and its celebration is not the pompous event it was some years ago. The celebration commenced with a general influx of mountaineers clad in sheep-skins and sandals, who played on pipes before the numerous shrines of the city, in imitation of the shepherds who on their rude

pipes played as they guarded their flocks on the hill-sides over the stable at Bethlehem. It was a very picturesque, as well as touching sight, to see these poor country people kneeling and singing before these shrines. On Christmas eve thousands of bells ushered in the festival day.

The Midnight Mass celebrated by the Pope at the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore was the most sublime part of the festival. The brilliant lights, the profound shadows which rendered the vast and magnificent church a scene of supernatural grandeur; the rich dress, the heavenly music, and the presence of the Pope and sacred court—all were so awe-inspiring that only those who have had the privilege of beholding these beauties can realize their greatness. After the Midnight Mass, the thunder of the cannons of the Castle of St. Angelo and the clang of the thousands of bells of the city rang out their joyous peal. The second Mass celebrated by the Pope took place at St. Anastasia's. Then came the third Mass which rivalled the Midnight Mass in its sublimity. Assembled at St. Peter's were the court, ambassadors, officials of state, cardinals, nobles and other dignitaries ecclesiastical and lay. Then the Pope ascended the altar and Mass began.

But now, all is changed: the Church in the Eternal City has been prevented from displaying all the splendor of its ceremonies; the Pope imprisoned, and that external prestige which by right belongs to the representative of God upon earth, despoiled by the tyrants who rule over Italy.

W. P. MCPHEE.



—The December *Ariel* from the University of Minnesota is unusually bright and interesting.

—The *Central College Gem* is a neat monthly with a decidedly religious air. It seems to be one among our few non-Catholic exchanges that can distinguish between the actions of Church and State in Catholic countries.

—As everyone, not even exchange editors excepted, are in good humor during the Christmas season, it has been considered a suitable time to offer a few critical suggestions regarding the use and abuse of the exchange column.

It is sad to see among college publications a few good papers that are simply ruined by the malignant utterances of the exchange editor. These journals begin by making an unfortunate selection for an important department and the young fledgeling on whom their choice has fallen deems it his duty to indulge in as much abusive language as his allotted space and limited ability will permit. The rest of the process is very simple. Innumerable little satellites from every corner of journaldom chirp in and take sides *pro or con*. It is true that few intelligent readers care to notice the sort of stuff that these exchange men write; still it is a fruitful source of evil. Quite recently one of our best Catholic exchanges saw fit to sneer at the Jesuits—a body of men who have moulded the world in many respects—and this on account of the petty jealousies of an irascible exchange editor. The same spirit among our non-Catholic brethren weekly dictates whole columns of the vilest calumny against the Church that has civilized the world. Impertinent insinuations, uncanny maledictions, and even bits of personal history find easy access to this much-injured department.

Imagine an exchange editor who is made to blurt out that his love for strong drinks was so intense that it deterred him from entering a college where alcoholic liquors were prohibited! Far better were it to imitate those silent brethren who do their "cussin" in the privacy of the sanctum, and fill their columns with reprints of favorable press-notices.

If we were to trace this scurrilous exchange work to its lair we should find its first cause and last end in the duty which the editor feels of furnishing congenial reading matter for a number of literary dead-heads who are unable to distinguish between billingsgate and true criticism. These poor deluded youths who never see other college papers pat the embryo journalist encouragingly upon the back, little dreaming of the brilliant retort that will greet the exchange man's weary eye after a few days.

The other extreme in journalistic criticism is excessive amiability. This sort of disease does not affect college editors indiscriminately, however. A few exchange men, whose inexperience makes them timid, or who have never had a chance to develop their belligerent propensities, regularly freight their columns with notices complimentary to everything and everybody. A greater number, with commendable modesty, pore over the criticisms made by others of the guild to discover, if possible, what they ought to say about some particular paper. *Medius tutissimus!* Let exchange editors cultivate reticence of expression. Let them criticise *literature* honestly and fearlessly without descending to personalities, and then they will not go to their cold, cheerless graves "unwept, unhonored and unsung."



—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., will pass the Christmas festival in Woodstock, Ill. He will assist the Rev. J. Clancy, the esteemed and zealous Rector of St. Mary's Church in that city.

—Mr. Paul Yrissari, of '82, and Miss Manuela Chavez were recently united in marriage at Belen, N. M. The many friends of the groom extend to him and his amiable bride their heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a long and happy life.

—Prof. A. J. Stace, of the University, has been honored by the French Government with the appointment of Officer of Public Instruction. The diploma from the Minister of Worship at Paris was received on Tuesday last through the French Consul at Chicago.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. J. O'Connell, D. D., accompanied by the Rev. J. Guendling, of Lafayette, Ind., arrived at Notre Dame yesterday (Friday) evening, and is the welcome guest of the University. Mgr. O'Connell is the learned Rector of the American College at Rome, which he represented at the recent Centennial celebration of the American Hierarchy at Baltimore and the inauguration of the new Catholic University.

—We acknowledge the receipt of invitations to attend the exercises of St. Patrick's Literary Society of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., on the 20th inst., and regret that we were unable to accept. The invitations were artistically designed and neatly executed, containing a beautiful little centre picture showing the college buildings and grounds. Sacred Heart College is in a flourishing condition under the energetic direction of the Rev. John O'Keeffe, C. S. C.

—The many friends of Rev. F. Linnerborn, C. S. C., will be glad to hear of his success in Rome. On the 26th of November he received two diplomas conferring upon him Licentiate in Theology and Bachelorship of Canon Law. This news, no doubt, will be the source of joy to his friends, and gratification to his former teachers. During the vacation, the Rev. gentleman visited the following celebrated sanctuaries of Our Lady: Lourdes, Einsiedeln and Loreto, at which shrines he said Masses for his fellow-religious and friends. While at Lourdes he assisted at the blessing of the new Church of the Rosary and said Mass in the same. His many friends wish him continued success.



—A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—Now for '90.

—Hope we'll see you soon again,

—Let us have our Christmas gift.

—How do you like our headings?

—The SCHOLASTIC banner still waveth.

—The Hellenist saith now "Home-r-stay here."

—The St. Cecilians added another rose to their garland.

—Essays are again due January 30th; begin your thinking, boys.

—We hope to see the Philopatrians reorganized after the holidays.

—It looks as though we were to have a green Christmas. Hope not.

—Two new boilers will be placed in the steam house during the holidays.

—We are to hear from the Euglossians on or about the 15th of January.

—Chas. S. Schillo has been appointed 4th Sergeant of Co. "B," H. L. G.

—The salutes of Co. "A" at the dress parade last Sunday were well executed.

—Bicycles and base-ball a week before Christmas! How does that strike you?

—The "Crescent Club" has been reorganized under the direction of our genial Prof. Edwards.

—The Juniors are to have their long-expected Parisian banquet on the 30th of January, 1890.

—We have no Shakspeare, but we only fall a little behind in possessing a "Schaack-speare."

—The St. Cecilians return thanks to Messrs. G. Cooke, W. Lahey, F. Kelly and Prof. Lisscombe.

—L. Monarch as "Ignotus" performed his part in a manner that would have done credit to an older head.

—The St. Cecilians deserve especial praise for the creditable manner in which they played their parts.

—The Library will be open to students during the holidays, from 9.30 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 p. m. to 4 p. m.

—A colossal statue of Our Lord has been placed in the cupola which surmounts the Seminary of the Holy Cross.

—Lost—A five dollar bill somewhere in the college building. Finder will be rewarded by leaving it in the students' office.

—Rev. Father Morrissey left with Fathers General and Granger on Wednesday evening, accompanying them as far as New York.

—Those who are staying here during the holidays intend to turn the place into a winter palace and have a fine time. Good cheer to them!

—An antique marble sculpture, representing St. Joseph and St. Catherine of Sweden, arrived on Tuesday from Rome for the University museum.

—Meyer & Poehlman of South Bend are just now finishing up a galvanized iron tank of 1,000 gallons capacity to be used in carrying crude oil for Notre Dame University.—*Times*.

—Mr. S. Hummer, '91, deserves great credit for the masterly way in which he filled his long and difficult rôle, and also for the able manner in which he managed the rehearsals.

—Lost—A gold anchor bearing the date "1877." It is valued as a *souvenir* of college days, and the owner would be extremely grateful for its return. It may be left at the SCHOLASTIC office.

—Through the generosity of Mr. Clancy a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart has been placed in the crypt. He has also made arrangements to keep a lamp perpetually burning before the shrine.

—The initial letters and headings of this number are from sketches made by home talent. Those who are on the "Illustration Staff" are Messrs. F. Long (Law '90), W. Morrison, '90, and J. E. Paradis, '90.

—The name of Mr. F. Wile, '93, should be mentioned for his excellent reporting during the past four months for the local editor. Mr. Wile is the representative of the Junior department, and a bright "Freshie" he is.

—The following names were omitted by mistake from the "List of Excellence" in the Preparatory department last week: *Reading*—G. Zimmermann; *Orthography*—A. Leonard, H. Des Garennes, J. Hack, S. Curtis, J. Olds.

—A large number of new books have lately been placed on the shelves of the Library. We are glad to see that the number of students who frequent the Library rooms for the purpose of study and research is increasing daily.

—No Minim ever represented the department better than Jamie O'Neill did at the entertainment last Saturday evening. His clear, ringing voice and his graceful, expressive gestures show that he has inherited the magnetism and elocutionary talent of his distinguished father.

—One of our bright boys of '95 asked his Professor of English History: "What year did Windsor, King of England, live in?" "Why, my dear sir," said the Professor, "there is no king of England of that name; why did you ask?" To which '95 replied: "Because Shakspeare wrote a piece about the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' and—"

—The closing meeting of the St. Aloysius Philodemics for '89 was held Saturday last. Mr. F. Chute read an interesting article on "Dryden." The debate of the evening was next on the programme. The question "Resolved that the annexation of Canada would be to its interest," was argued by Messrs. R. Bronson and J. McGinn on the affirmative and A. Larkin and A. Meehan on the negative, the decision was given in favor of the affirmative. Voluntary speeches were made by Messrs. L. Chute, C. Burger, J. Fitzgibbons, N. Sinnott, J. B. Sullivan and J. E. Berry.

—Some of our Colorado boys went home, while the Kansas City "turnout" struck in a body; St. Paul and its little sister, Minneapolis, went in scattering crowds; the Chicago contingency have all dispersed, while Schwartz has gone to see the "World's Fair" that is located at that place; Louisville and Snowball have gone to "My Old Kentucky Home;" Tennessee still sports in the smoking-room; "Apples" is still with us and also "Boston Mc," "Side Burns" left for Iowa Tuesday, and Homer and C. T. C left last Wednesday. The Captain is no longer with us, but "Grand Pa" takes his place. Those who left, wished their Christmas greetings be conveyed to those whom they did not see—so "A merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to all, and don't forget, boys, do not get your feet wet.

—The most convenient, valuable and unique business table or desk calendar, for 1890, is the Columbia Bicycle Calendar and Stand, issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., of Boston, Mass. The Calendar proper is in the form of a pad of 366 leaves, each $5\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, one for each day of the year, to be torn off daily, and one for the entire year. A good portion of each leaf is blank for memoranda, and as the leaves are not pasted, but sewed at the ends, any entire leaf can be exposed whenever desired. By an ingenious device, the leaves tear off independently, leaving no stub. The portable stand, which holds the pad, contains pen rack and pencil holder, and is made of solid wood brass mounted. Upon each slip appear quotations pertaining to cycling from leading publications and prominent writers.

—A literary, musical and dramatic entertainment by the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, complimentary to Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, was given in Washington Hall, Saturday evening. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Overture (Lustspiel)— <i>Keler Bela</i> ..	University Orchestra
Opening Chorus (Greeting).....	Choral Union
Seniors' Address.....	Homer P. Brelsford
Chorus—"We're Rowing Swiftly down the Stream,"	Juniors' Choral Union
Juniors' Address.....	John Wright
Selection—"In Silent Mead"....	Seniors' Choral Union
Minims' Address.....	J. O'Neill, H. Durand, C. McPhee
Music (Cordelia Polka).....	Orchestra

THE HIDDEN GEM,
A Drama in Two Acts.

Dramatis Personæ.

Euphemianus, a Roman Patrician.....	S. Hummer
Alexius, under the name of Ignotus, his Son, L. Monarch	
Carinus, a boy, his nephew.....	G. Weitzel
Proculus, his freedman and steward.....	M. Quinlan
Eusebius,	J. Wright
Bibulus,	F. Wile
Davus,	R. Boyd
Ursulus,	G. O'Brien
Verna,	E. Schillo
Gannio, a Beggar.....	E. Du Brul
An Imperial Chamberlain.....	J. Fitzgerald
An Officer.....	R. Healy

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsberger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, H. Bronson, R. Bronson, Burns, Berry, H. P. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Burger, Brelsford, Jno. Brennan, Cabanna, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, S. Campbell, G. Cooke, Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, Coder, Dorsey, Delany, Dacy, Daly, Davis, Dyer, Darroch, Daniels, P. Fleming, Ford, Fehr, Franciscus, J. Flynn, Garfias, Gibbons, Grange, Galen, Houlihan, Herman, Healy, Heard, E. Hughes, B. Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Hepburn, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, King, Krembs, J. Kelly, W. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Souisell, Mulroney, McKeon, McKee, McDonnell, McPhee, McConlogue, Mackey, J. McGrath, Meagher, O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Shea, Olds, Parker, Powers, Paradis, Pyplatcz, Portilla, H. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Rebillot, Reynolds, Rothert, Roberts, Reedy, L. Sanford, C. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Schaack, Jos. Smith, Jas. Smith, J. B. Sullivan, Soden, Scherrer, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat, Walsh, McWilliams, McCarthy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, S. Backrach, E. Bates, J. Brady, T. T. Brady, T. Brady, W. Brady, Burns, Bradley, Bruel, Cunningham, Cheney, Cosgrove, Coll, Collman, Delaney, Doig, Dempsey, Dorsey, Evers, Elder, C. Fitzgerald, J. A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Girsch, Gnewuch, Gough, Gross, Galen, Howard, W. Hasenfuss, O. Hassenfuss, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hann, Healy, Halthusen, Hannin, Hagus, Heller, Hague, Ibold, King, Kearney, L. Kehoe, Keough, V. Kehoe, J. Leonard, Lenard, Mackey, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, Merz, Messick, Mitchell, Mier, J. McCartney, E. McCartney, Jos. McPhillips, Jas. McPhillips, W. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, McIvers, F. McKee, E. McKee, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, Nester, Otis, O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Mara, O'Neill, Putnam, Pendleton, Prichard, Pomeroy, Quill, Quinlan, Robinson, Reichhold, Rarig, Root, Robbins, Roper, Rowsey, W. A. Stanton, Spurgeon, F. Schillo, Seymore, Seerey, Sokup, Snyder, Sutter, Siebert, Stapleton, Thorn, Tivnen, Turner, Tettard, Weston, Weitzel, Wright, Weise, Ward, White, E. Whalen, Wood, Wertheimer, Young, Youngerman, Zinn, Fitzgerald, Jacobs, Gale, Talbot, B. Bates.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayers, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, T. Burns, J. Burns, Barbour, Browning, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, Croke, Clark, Durand, Dench, Elkin, Evers, Eckler, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, C. Furthman, G. Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, Grant, C. Griggs, J. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krellman, Keeler, King, Klaner, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnsberry, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, McCarthy, Marre, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, O'Neill, L. Paul, C. Paul, Pellenz, C. Packard, J. Packard, Pierce, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, Seidensticker, G. Scherrer, W. Scherer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Walsh, Weber, Witkowsky, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler, C. Zoehrlaut.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—There is really no Christmas vacation at St. Mary's, as morning classes, music, etc., suffer no interruption during the holidays.

—The number of certificates for excellence merited in all the classes speaks well for the work of the month, and promises good results at the semi-annual examination.

—Many good wishes are extended Mr. Paul Yrisarri and his estimable bride, Manuelita Chavez, for many years a pupil of St. Mary's, whose marriage was lately solemnized at Belen, New Mexico.

—Very Rev. Father General favored the Children of Mary with a beautiful little instruction on Monday last, and if his counsels are followed during the coming week, the holidays must be days of true happiness to all.

—The visitors who registered at St. Mary's for the past week were: Mrs. S. H. Gibbs, Class '65, Hannibal, Mo.; M. J. Carroll, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mrs. J. E. Leahy, Warsaw, Wis.; Miss A. Donnelly, Class '89, Michigan City, Ind.; Miss E. Balch, Class '89, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. E. G. Henderson, Chicago.

—With the dawn of December there comes a change over the spirit of youth's dreams of science, and one cannot believe that the days grow shorter until the 21st. It is in this month also that mathematical formulæ assume a new shape; for instance, "the square of the sum of the days till we go—no, the sum of the square of the days—no, that's not it; but the root of the matter is—we are going home."

—At the academic meeting of Sunday last, Miss T. Balch read in a clear, pleasing voice an interesting article on "Abused Words," and Miss M. Hurff very gracefully recited "The Burial of Moses." Both the young ladies were complimented by Very Rev. Father General whose words of commendation are truly golden words to all who are privileged to receive them. Kind counsels were then given by both Father General and Father Zahm, and the meeting adjourned until January, 1890.

—It has been said that "we tire of that which we often enjoy," and while this may be true in some cases, it is far from being so when Prof. M. F. Egan's lectures are concerned. His delineation of the character of Katharine of Aragon, in "Henry VIII.," and of Cordelia in "King Lear," in his lecture of Thursday last, awakened keen interest; and in addition to the light thrown on the characters in question, Mr. Egan's analysis of Shakspearian subjects furnishes the "open sesame" to new charms in the great dramatist's masterpieces, which must lead to results inestimable in their literary value.

Christmas Bells.

[*From St. Mary's Chimes.*]

"Dear are the sounds of the Christmas chimes," as they send their merry peal over the wintry north! High stand the poplars with their frosty coating; heavy hang the evergreens with their weight of snow glistening in the starlight, as the bells ring out the joyful tidings—"Christ is born!"

Where the soft waters of the south lave the shore in warm embrace, where summer lingers ever near, the air bears on its perfume-laden bosom the message of the chimes, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!" To all the world the angels' song is carried, and every heart beats responsive to the heavenly chant of peace. Not a spot upon this wide earth but feels the joy the Saviour's birth must bring; and as the bells ring out, what a change takes place! Hearts open in kindness; hands open in generosity, and souls open to the grace of God, the benison of Bethlehem.

Youth, middle life, old age—all feel a thrill at the thought of Christmas, and in the exuberance of its joy, the world oftentimes forgets the source of its happiness, and is merry because the bells ring out in tones of cheer. Feasting and revelry make the social hall echo with sounds of mirth, and light hearts and light feet dance to earth's harmonies, unmindful of the voices that touched the listening ears of the lowly shepherds eighteen hundred years ago on the starlit hills of Bethlehem.

"Merry Christmas!" gaily falls from lips whose breathings are attuned to joy bells; cheery greetings are extended, as the vibrant tongues of metal tell the world that it is ransomed, for Christ, the Lord is born! From where the tropics keep unloosed the chains of sparkling streams, to ice-bound rivers of the frozen north, the sweet songs of the Yule-tide bells speak unto hearts; to all they tell the joyful news, and send it far and wide until the music of the angels vibrates from heaven to earth in harmony celestial.

But listen! The chimes speak the language of the heart, and to many "there's a minor in the carol"; and as memory brings up the pictures of the past, many a gentle, trembling hand binds cypress, not the holly, round the visions of the days that are no more. What dear ones listened with us to the chimes last Christmas Eve? And in the far-off days of childhood, what soft voice whispered low the mysteries of Bethlehem, and bade us fashion our

hearts into a crib for the Babe Divine? Where are the voices of the past? They are not gone, but linger in the notes of every Christmas bell. Yes, sad to many may be the chimes that bring joy to others; but when with bended head and heart we hear the silvery *Sanctus* bell at the Midnight Mass unrest must give place to holy peace, which comes like a gentle spirit from the Heart of the Infant Saviour; and with the poet we may say:

"O Christmas, merry Christmas! this never more can be;
We cannot bring again the days of our unshadowed
glee."

But Christmas, happy Christmas! sweet herald of good
will,
With holy songs of glory, brings holy gladness still;
For peace and hope may brighten and patient love
may glow,
As we listen in the starlight to the bells across the
snow."

ROLL OF HONOR.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ash, Ansbach, Bates, Balch, Bogner, Bovett, Byrnes, Butler, Cunningham, Collbrann, Coll, Currier, Calderwood, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Dolan, M. De Montcourt, I. De Montcourt, Donahue, Flannery, G. Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Holt, Hess, Harmes, Hale, Hull, Hutchinson, A. Hanson, J. Hughes, L. Hughes, Haight, Kasser, Kelso, Krimbill, Kimmell, Koopmann, Lauth, Lewis, Moore, McLoud, K. Morse, Maher, Mills, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Murison, McCune, Mullaney, S. McPhee, Marley, Milless, Nickel, Norris, Nacey, H. Nester, O'Brien, Otis, Piper, Pyle, Penburthy, Pendleton, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Regan, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Robinson, Stapleton, M. Schermerhorn, Spurgeon, Schiltz, Schaefer, N. Schermerhorn, Tormey, Van Mourick, Wickersheim.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, Barry, E. Burns, M. Burns, Black, M. Cooper, Culp, Clifford, M. Davis, Dreyer, Daly, Evoy, L. Ernest, Fosdick, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, Levy, McCormack, McGuire, Mabbs, Meskill, Mestling, Northam, O'Brien, O'Mara, Philion, Patrick, Patier, Pellinz, Palmer, Quealy, Regan, Reeves, Ruger, Robins, M. Smyth, Soper, J. Smyth, Sweeney, Scherrer, Thirds, Tormey, Wurzburg, K. Wood, Waldron, E. Wagner, M. Wagner, Wright, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Ayer, A. E. Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, Goodwin, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, A. McCarthy, M. McHugh, C. Porteous, N. Smyth, S. Smyth.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss L. Curtis.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Miss E. Flannery.

1ST CLASS—Miss O. O'Brien.

2D CLASS—Miss M. McFarland.

2D DIV.—Misses D. Deutsch, M. Davis, L. Nickel.

3D CLASS—Misses J. Currier, C. Hurley, A. Tormey, M. Tormey.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Dolan, L. Leahy, N. Morse, M. Piper, I. Stapleton, L. Woolner, B. Wickersheim.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ansbach, J. English, E. Healy, M. Hess, M. Hull, M. Jungblut, M. McPhee, E. Quealy, A. Regan.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Bates, M. Fitzpatrick, E. Lewis, E. Nester.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Anson, T. Balch, E. Dempsey, A. Gordon, E. Hale, K. Mills, M. McHugh, H. Nester, M. Otis, A. Penburthy, A. Ryan, M. Smyth, A. Wurzburg.

2D DIV.—Misses A. Adelsperger, J. Calderwood, D. Davis, C. Ernest, R. Kasser, F. Marley, G. Rentfrow, M. Reinhart, J. Robinson, M. Skancke, A. Thirds, L. Young.

6TH CLASS—Misses E. Burns, C. Beck, R. Bero, M. Collbrann, M. Coll, E. Davis, M. De Montcourt, L. Dreyer, M. Fosdick, A. Hammond, H. Hanson, M. Harmes, H. Hutchinson, S. Hamilton, M. Kelso, M. Northam, T. Kimmel, A. O'Mara, M. Patier, E. Pendleton, H. Pugsley, L. Reeves, K. Ryan, G. Roberts, D. Spurgeon, K. Sweeney.

2D DIV.—Misses F. Burdick, M. Burns, M. Byrnes, I. Cooke, C. Daly, E. Dennison, I. DeMontcourt, M. Haight, E. Kasper, S. Levy, K. McCarthy, M. McCormack, V. Milless, E. Pyle, J. Patrick, K. Reilly, F. Soper.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Ash, K. Barry, L. Black, L. Bovett, A. Cooper, Mabel Davis, E. Evoy, L. Ganong, G. Greene, M. Hagus, J. Holt, F. Krimbill, L. Lynch, L. McHugh, N. McGuire, F. Murison, L. Norris, O. O'Brien, E. Regan, M. Rinn, C. Ruger, E. Schaefer, A. Schrock, M. Wagner, B. Wright, K. Wood.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Cooper, B. Davis, Margaret McHugh, S. McPhee, E. Philion, M. Rose, E. Wagoner.

8TH CLASS—Misses E. Ernest, E. Meskill, K. Moore.

J. Smith, M. Smith, L. Scherrer, G. Shirey, I. Waldron.

9TH CLASS—Misses M. Culp, M. Hickey, L. Holmes.

K. Hamilton, C. Kasper, D. Pellinz.

10TH CLASS—Misses L. Ayer, G. Crandall, M. Hamilton, L. Mestling.

HARP.

3D CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

6TH CLASS—Miss M. McPhee.

ORGAN.

Miss E. Healy.

VIOLIN.

Misses M. Smith, Nester, M. Northam, L. Reeves.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss L. Leahy.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Clifford, A. Crane.

MANDOLIN.

Miss M. Clifford.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Dempsey, B. Hellman, R. Kasser, M. Leahy.

2D DIV. 2D CLASS—Misses I. Horner, N. Hale, F. Marley.

3D CLASS—Misses T. Balch, J. English, M. Fitzpatrick, O. O'Brien, L. Dolan.

2D DIV. 3D CLASS—Misses I. McLoud, M. Schiltz, G. Rentfrow.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Woolner, M. Otis, M. McFarland, M. De Montcourt, H. Hutchinson, S. Dempsey, C. Beck, C. Haight, H. Nester, M. Collbrann, R. Van Mourick.

5TH CLASS—Misses I. De Montcourt, M. Davis, J. Holt, S. Levy, M. Harmes, J. Robinson, M. Reinhart, F. Soper, M. Schermerhorn, M. Burns, A. Schrock.

